

BOILED #2 ANGEL \$2.

FUCK
JESUS!!

HAIL
SATAN!





MMM...GOOD!

lucky Gut

TAPE WORMS

**the sticky, tangy,
neat to eat treat!!**

**high
in
Protein!**



Tectae fly. Lines
show actual size.



Vise. It is fastened to
a workbench by the
thumbcrew at the
bottom.

BOILED ANGEL #2, copyright 1989 by
RED STEW COMIX. First and only pr-
inting, 70 copys. You are one of the
70 lucky people to own a copy, you
lucky fuck! BOILED ANGEL #2 sells
for \$2.00 a copy, post paid. Write
to: Michael C. Diana 519 Cleavaland
Ave. S.W. Largo, Florida 34640.
Once upon a-time there wuz a lil kid
named Jack. Jack liked to Jack-off
all the time. So, one day he built a
rocket out of twigs, Jack then Jack-
ed-off during the blast off!

by nausea:



Sickle
not healthy.
skin is a sickly



Spider web
the skin joining



CONTRIBUTORS



- pg.15,16,17,62,69.....Dr. Alessi
- pg.18.....Kim Bailey
- pg.19,20,76.....Ed Corman
- pg.21,22,71,72,73,74.....Kit Lively
- pg.26,35,42,58.....Paul Flores
- pg.37....EXMORTIS DEMO,send \$5.00 to: Brian Werking
305 Thomas Ave.
Frederick,MD 21701
- pg.38,39(centerspread),40.....K. Brewer
POB 7150
Waco,TX 76714
- pg.41....Damaged Ink zine,send \$3. to: Ken Kurowski
9039 W. 170th St.
Orland Hills,IL
60477
- pg.52,59,60,61.....Jason Dube
421 Boulder Dr.
Antioch,CA 94509
- All remaining pages done my Mike C. Diana(address to the left).

skin

Hot dogs are just as good, aren't they, Dad?

Misbehave In Your Home

HAIR REMOVAL

"pass the Peas, please"

sagging skin

PAINLESS

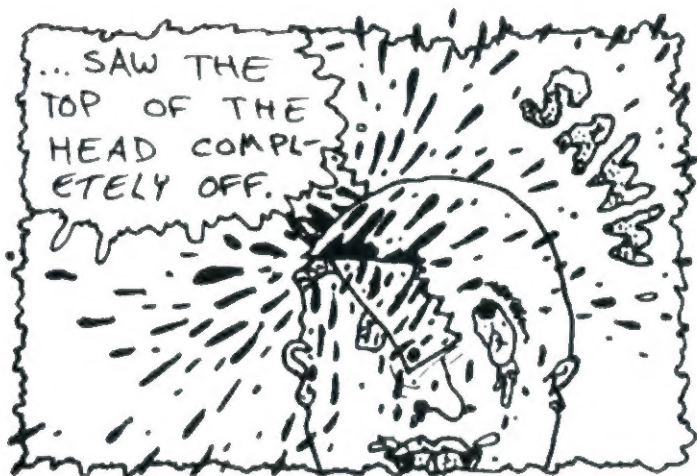
For information on reprints of this article, see page 230

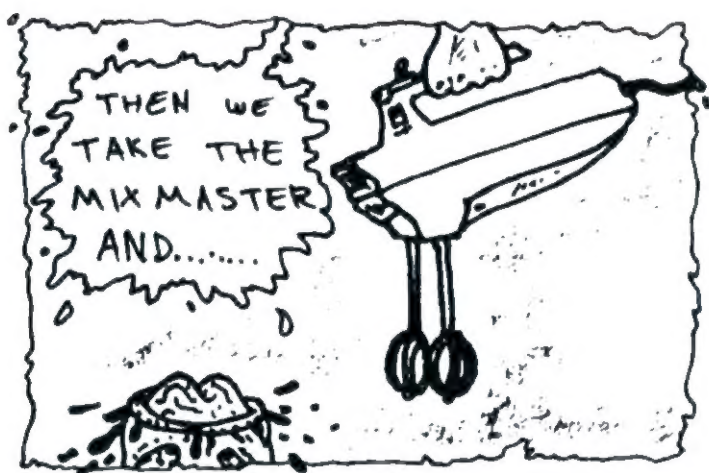
TEACHING FUN

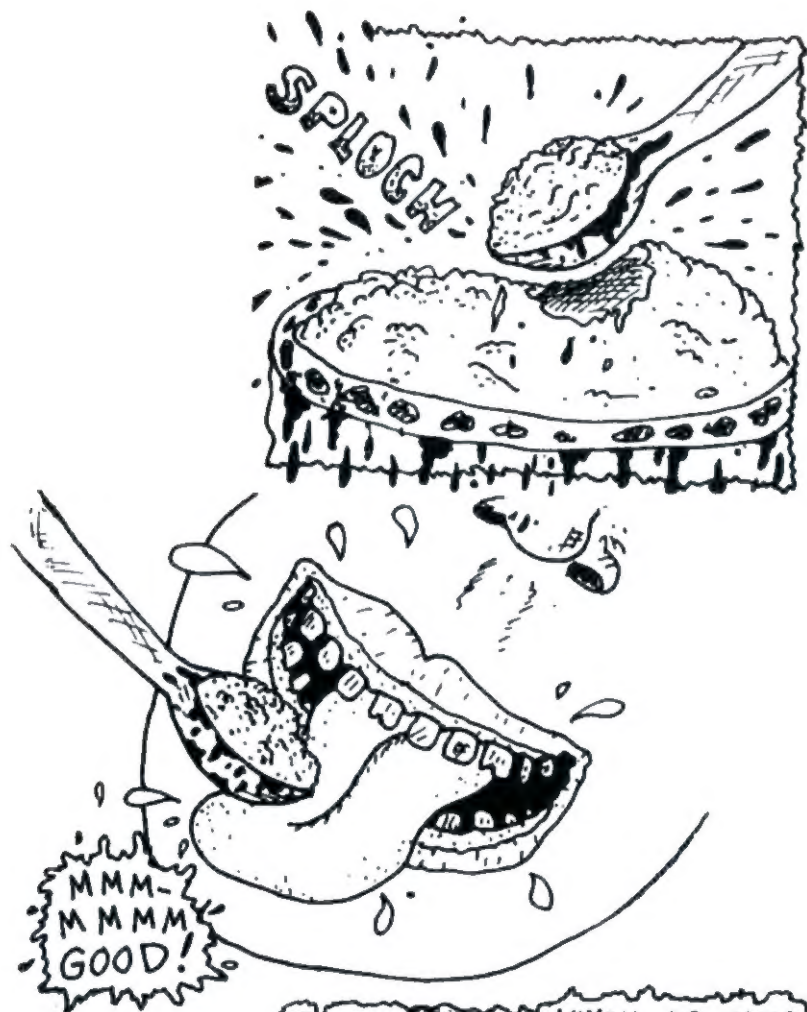
DIANA
1989

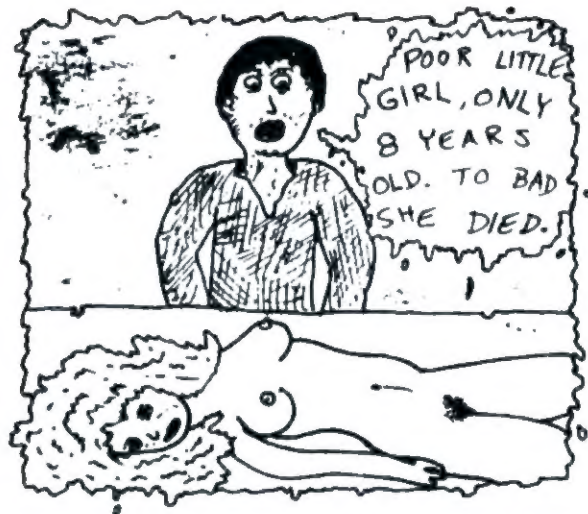
A CATHOLIC
SCHOOL HORROR

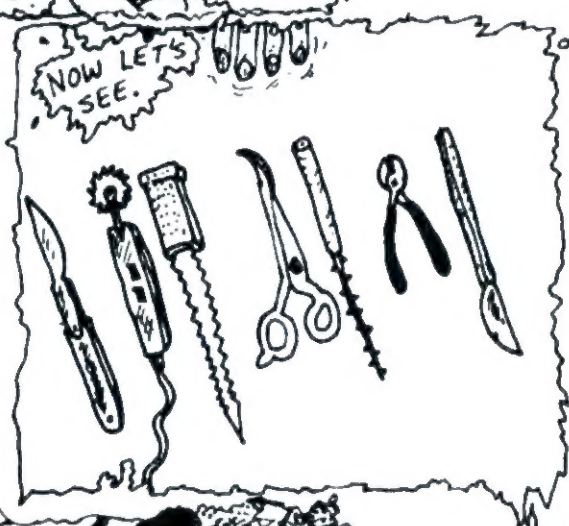




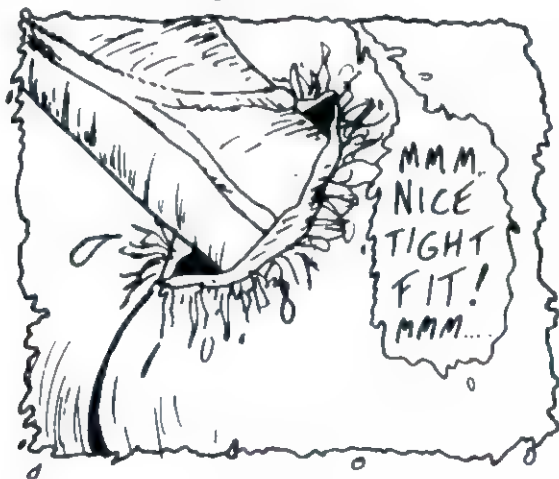




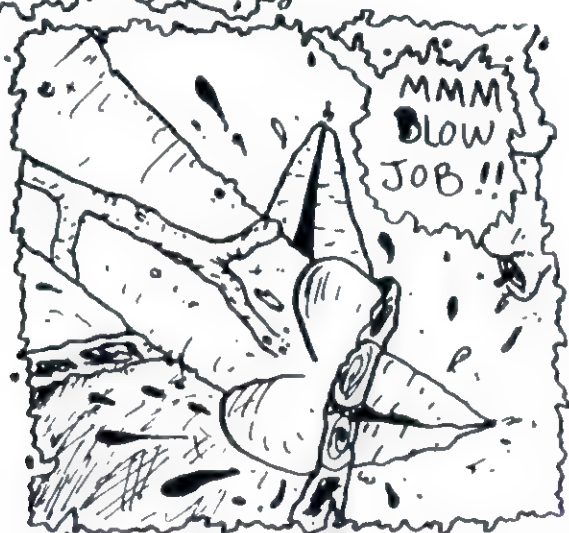
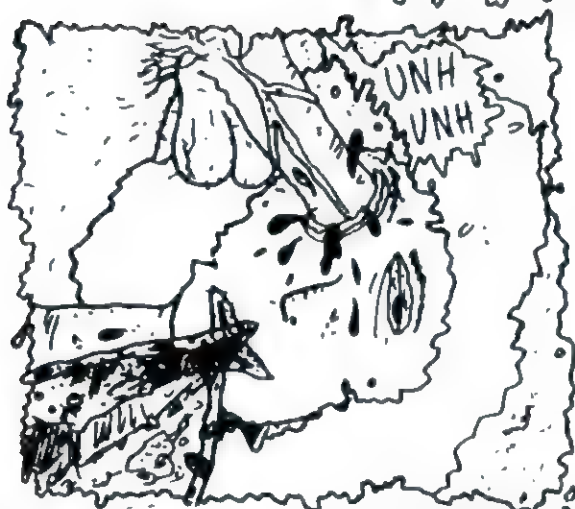
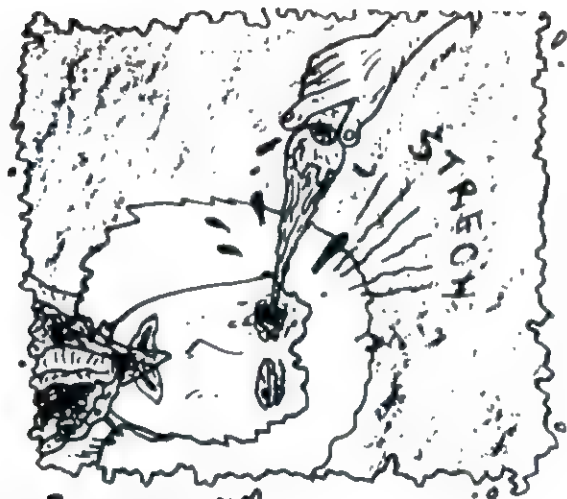
















This was all a
true story! See
What goes on
behind the closed
doors of Catholic
schools!

MIKE DIANA
1989





The Rev. Jerry Falwell held prisoner
in a time capsule, tortured by
erotomaniac demons from HELL.

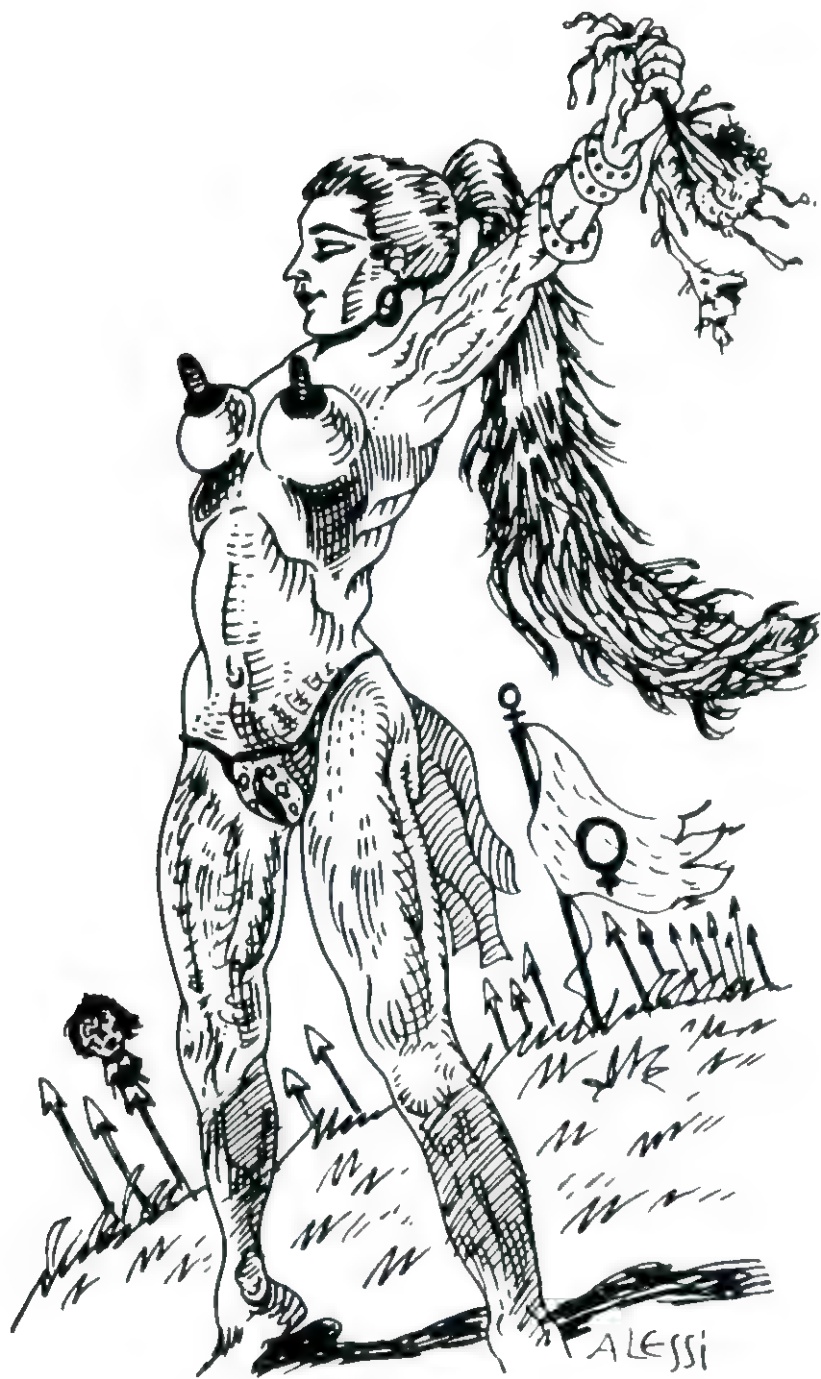


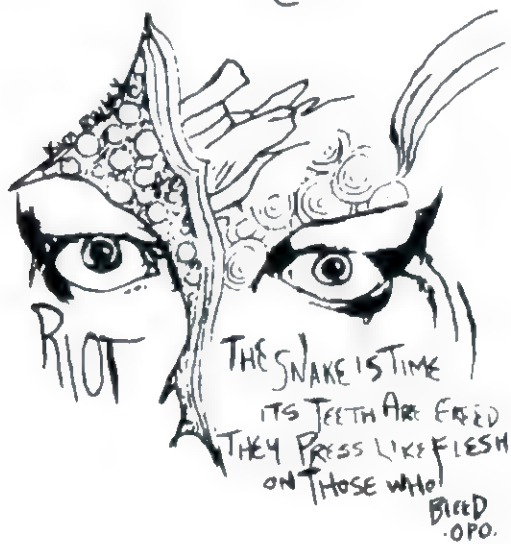
phooey!

good my boy!!

no more please!
at least
not the
horned
ones.

Thank you, Satan!
I just raped the
mother of GOD!

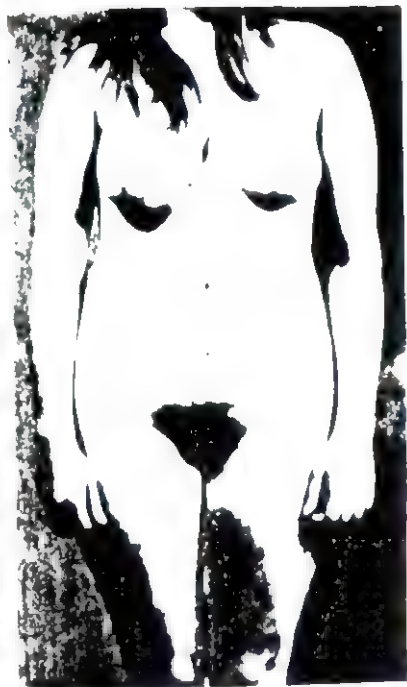




IN BAD TASTE

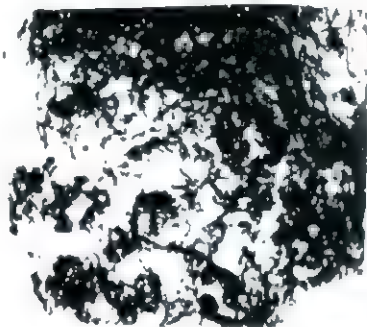


SUTURE REMOVAL



GUT Reactions

WOUND DYNAMICS



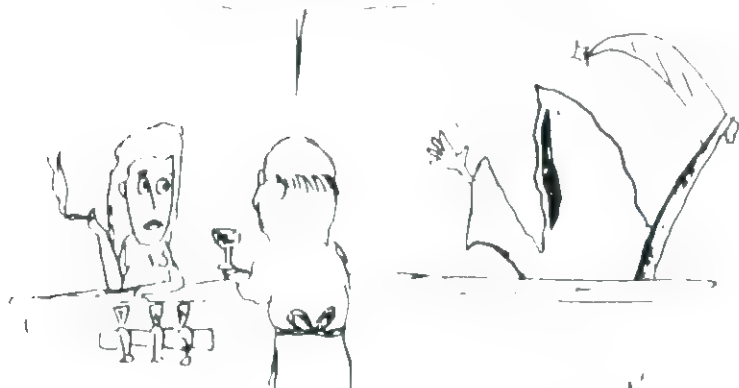
INTERNAL DISEASE NAIL DISEASE SECONDARY TO

There are no hard and fast rules for suture removal. If there is doubt about whether sutures should be removed, remove every other or every third one and observe for another day or so. Some guidelines for the time of suture removal are as follows:

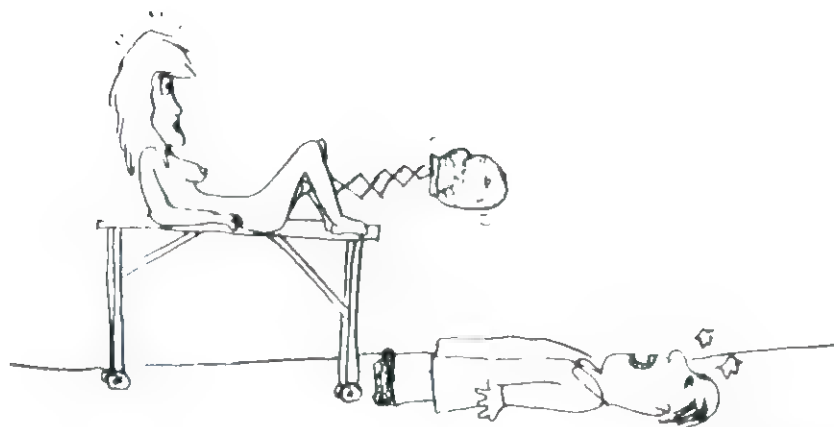
Face	3 to 5 days
Neck	6 to 8 days
Back	10 to 14 days
Abdomen	7 to 10 days
Extremities	10 to 18 days



from the gentleman at
the far end of the bar.)



K. Lovely '88



K. Lovely '88



K. Lively '88

MY ARM
ITCHES!







TRASH Bag Murders: California homicide wave

The first of the bodies in one of America's most bizarre murder sprees turned up on Christmas Day 1972, shortly thereafter plastic bagged bodies or parts thereof began appearing along the California coastline. Some dismembered parts were discovered in garbage bins, and others were found in ditches along the roadside and on freeway shoulders, obviously hurled from a car. A plastic-wrapped head turned up on a recycling plant's conveyor belt and a left leg was found in a junk heap outside a Sunset Beach saloon. By July 1973 the police had tied five homicides to the Trash Bag Murderer, and over the next four years that number more than quadrupled. Finally, in July 1977 a 38-year-old bearded, bespectacled ex-aerospace worker named Patrick Kearney surrendered to the authorities. Five months later, he pleaded guilty to 21 murders.

Kearney never revealed any motive for the killing spree, and no effort was made in court to discover one. There were seven other murder charges pending against Kearney, but authorities did not proceed on them. If they had, he could have been convicted of a total of 28, which at the time would have made him one of the worst mass murderers in American history. Kearney was given two concurrent life sentences for his crimes.



FUCK
FACE

Crowd thinks killing is an act, applauds

THE HAGUE, Netherlands — A crowd at an outdoor cafe in the town of Nijmegen applauded as they watched a man shoot dead his companion, believing they were watching well-acted street theater. Police said the two men were walking by the cafe during the weekend when one pushed the other to the ground, produced a pistol and shot him five times. "Some people sitting at the cafe didn't realize what was happening. They thought it was all an act," a police spokesman said.



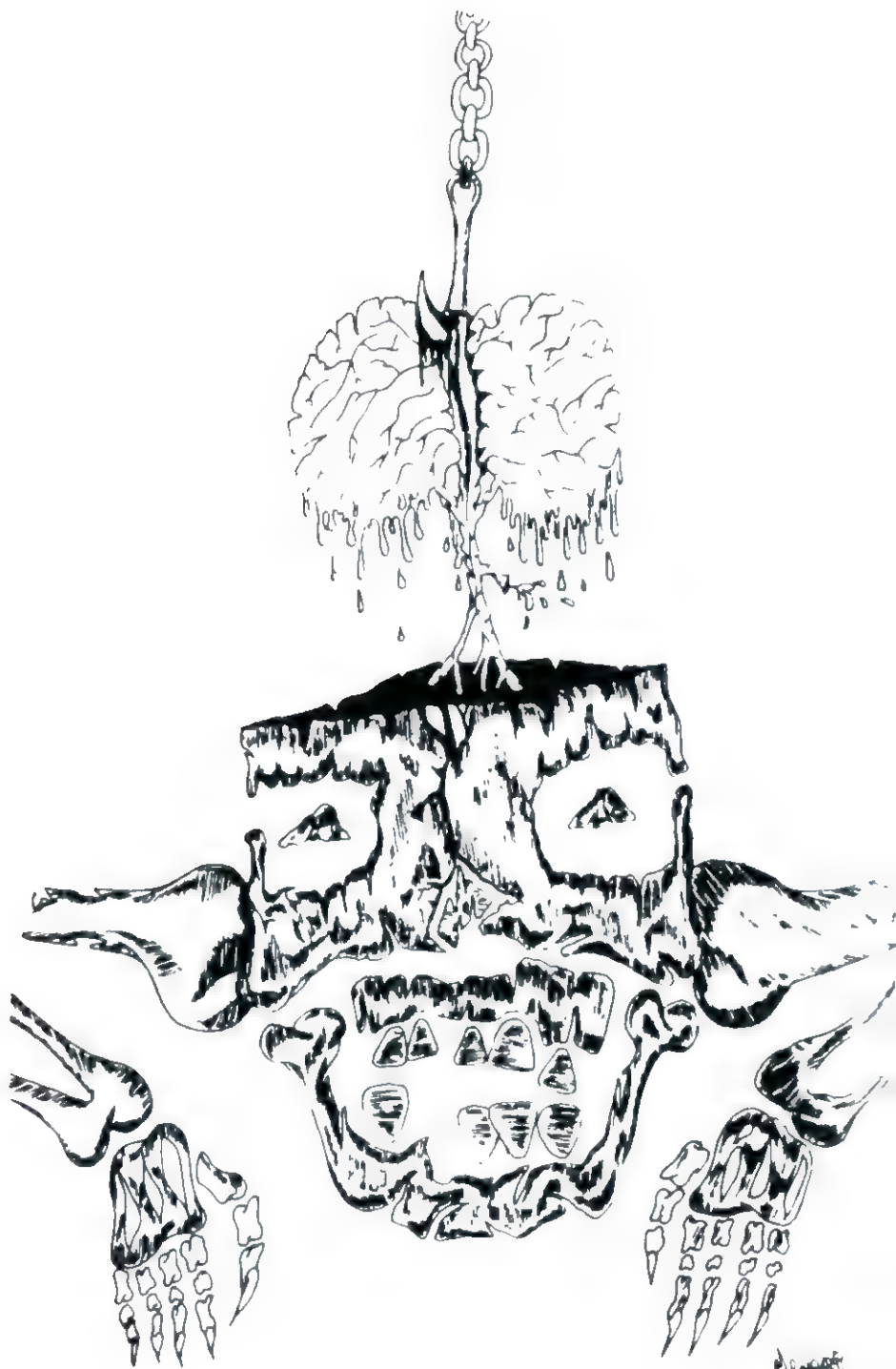
F
A
G
G
I
T

SHIT
HEAD



LOVE KILLS

DEVILISHLY GOOD ART, BANNED IN HEAVEN



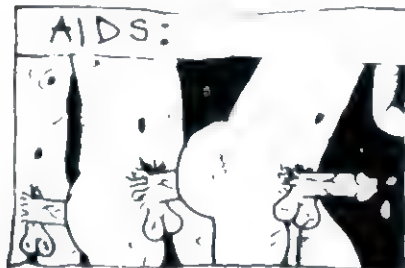
DRUGS:



NUCLEAR WAR:



AIDS:



TERRORISM:



AND NOW....

HEAD-

STOMPERS



THE BOOT AND BLOOD SAGA GO'S ON!

DIANA '89



NEW YORK, N.Y. SIX A.M.



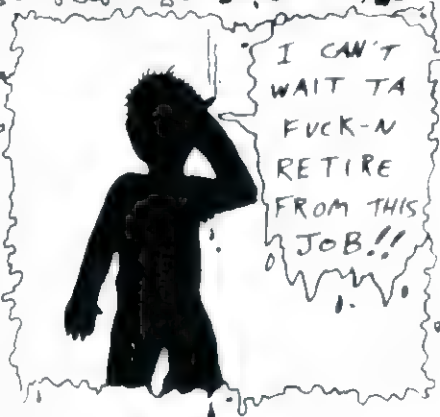
Whitaker
del. 11



Other Materials You Will Need:
 Cream Basecolor #51103 (2 jars)
 Robbie Wrap Kit #12683
 Coat & Tote Purse Finish #1034
 Decoupage Sealer #6103

Tweezers





PORK

KILLS IN SECONDS
SAFEST METHOD

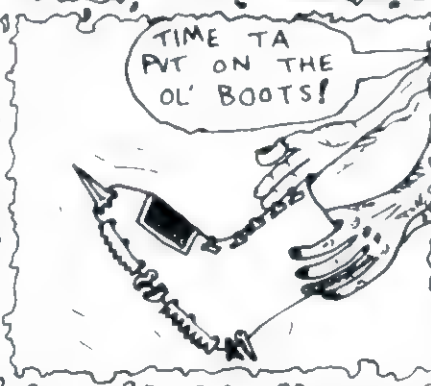
DEAD IN SECONDS

The Best

Way to Spell
The Wrong



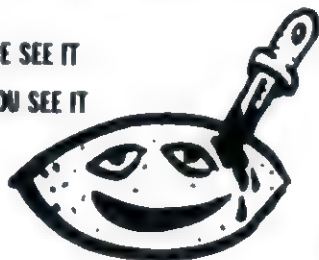
Front



TEXAS RED

The human skull can survive for many centuries unchanged, and can provide an unrivalled means of identification. The skull believed to belong to Mrs Rux.

AS WE SEE IT
AS YOU SEE IT



Back

THAT NIGHT AT DETECTIVE
RIGGS HOME:

THIS FUCKIN
CASE IS
DRIVIN ME
IN SANE.

ZZZZZ
ZZZZZ

ITS JUST
CRAZY, TWO MORE
PEOPLE WERE
FOUND TODAY WIT
SMASHED HEADS!

THATS
TO
BAD
HUN!

MEAN-WHILE AT A PET
SHOP NEARBY:

PET TOWN

PUPPY
ONLY \$175

WAGG
WAGG

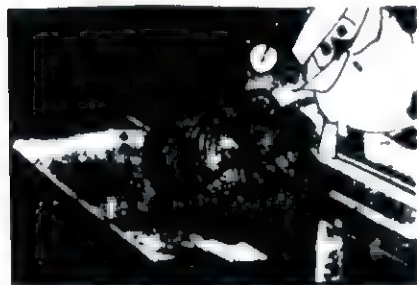
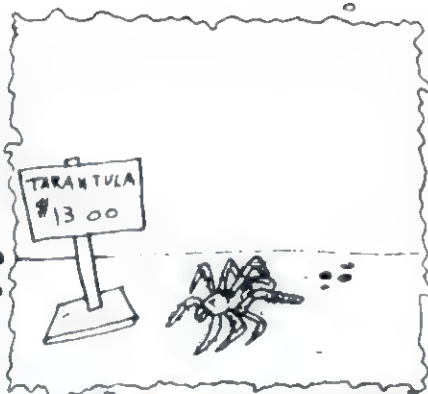
GOLD RING
SALE
70% OFF

STOMP

SNAKES
\$17.00

YOU CAN'T
AFFORD THE
LUXURY

BUNPEE'S BIG BOY



FREE

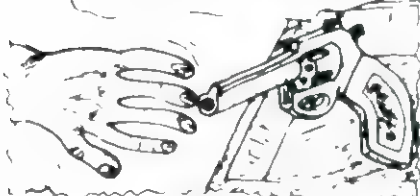
New!

STAIR TREADS



OOOOOOO
IN ALIGNMENT
OOOOOOO
OUT OF ALIGNMENT
OOOOOOO

I BETTER GET
GOIN. GOTTA GIT
THIS HEAD CRUSHEN
SON-OF-A-BITCH!!



HE'S HERE
ALL RIGHT!



FREEZE

HUH?!



YOU STEP
ON THAT
ANGEL FISH
AND I'LL
BLOW YOUR
HEAD OFF!



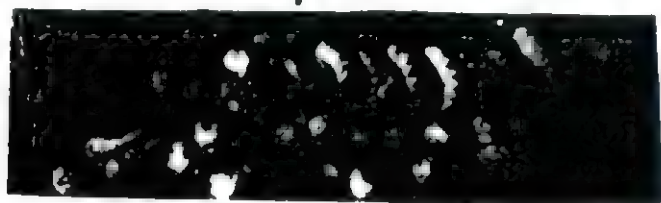
STOMP

NO!



BLAM

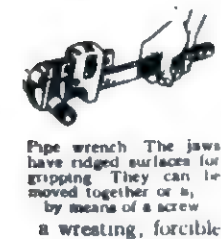
CHOKES



Key-Keeper

Jigsaw Puzzle

BE AN INDIAN



Light up
your life
for \$1.00



stung for a second on a sound box





EXMORTIS

DEMO #2

IMMORTALITY'S END OUT NOW!!!

AVAILABLE FOR \$5.00 ALL THE WORLD

AMERICAN DOLLARS ONLY

OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO BRIAN WERKING

IMMORTALITY'S END



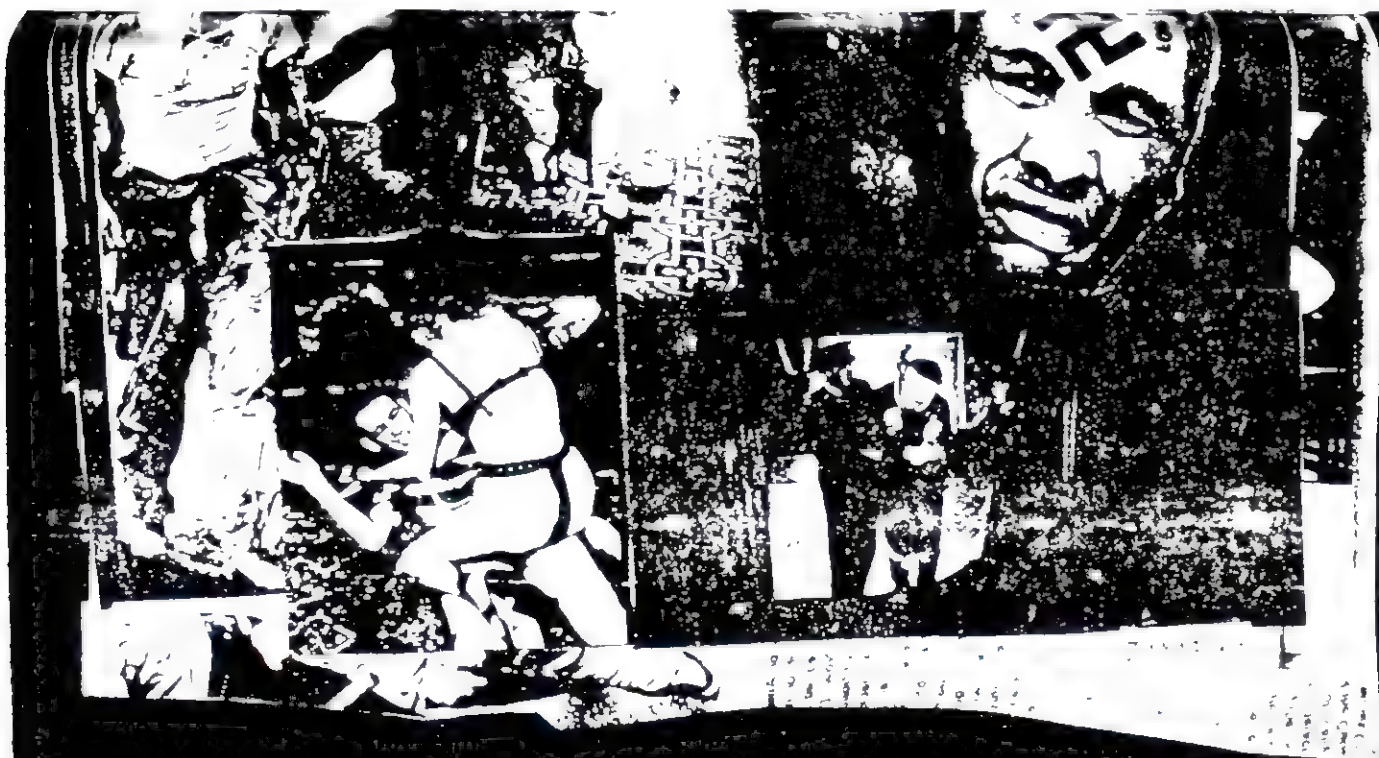
EXMORTIS

305 THOMAS AVENUE
FREDERICK, MD 21701 U.S.A.

©drew elliot

SEE HOW MANY WAYS WE TAKE

ADVANTAGE





72



70



3



6



67



19



27



35



51



43



29



28



61



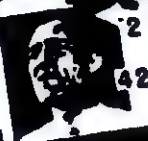
2



62



36



42



47



16



41



33



36

10

A-9

DAMAGED INK



The first issue of DAMAGED INK is now available
featuring interviews with:

Abomination, Ice Age, Whiplash, Chastain,
I.E., Macabre, Autopsy, and more!!!!!!

Also album reviews, demo reviews and show
reports!

Also, if that weren't enough, an 8X10 mini-
poster of Paul (Abomination) Speckmann!

Also available: stickers 3 for \$1.00
(3 different designs)

For your copy of DAMAGED INK #1 send just
\$3.00
\$4. (overseas)

Write: Ken Kurowski
9039 W. 170th St.
Orland Hills, IL 60477
U.S.A.

Bands send demo, bio, pics, etc.



SENSUOUS STORIES



Angel Luck

WANTED



Son
of
Sam

100-111111
100-111111
100-111111

Front view of compromise sketch as it appeared on page one of the New York Daily News



Profile of compromise Moskowitz Violante sketch, released to public



POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK



The "Devil's Cave" at Untermyer Park, Yonkers, scene of satanic rituals





SATAN



Body identified as John Carr's, as found by North Dakota police
Note the position of the rifle

.....
In total, there were significant discrepancies in the confessions to fully
half the 44 attacks—an astounding fact when one considers that the
NYPD and the Bronx and Brooklyn district attorneys took no action to
investigate the case after the arrest—except to clear up a handful of “loose
ends,” as the police put it.
.....



Body identified as John Carr's, turned over by police. Note
blood smudges on wall and apparent blood-writing on base-
board. On Carr's hand, although not visible in this photo, the
remnants of numbers “666” appeared, carved into the drying
blood.

- Q David, on July 31, 1977—where were you living at that time?
- A The Pine St. address
- Q That's up in Yonkers?
- A Yes
- Q Who were you living with?
- A Myself
- Q How long had you been living there?
- A A little over a year
- Q Do you live with anyone, David?
- A No
- Q What kind of car do you have?
- A 1970 Ford Galaxie.
- Q What color is it?
- A Yellow
- Q How long have you had that car?
- A About three years
- Q Is the car completely yellow?
- A No, a black vinyl roof
- Q Is that a two-door or four-door?
- A Four-door
- Q Were you using that car on the 31st?
- A Yes, I was
- Q Were you with anyone, or were you alone when you were having your dinner on 10th Avenue?
- A I was alone
- Q Where did you go from there—out to Long Island?
- A Yes Long Island, Brooklyn
- Q Did you have any purpose in going out on Long Island? Just to take a ride?
- A Purposely going out killing somebody
- Q Did you have anyone in mind at that time—or anyone you might come across?
- A Whoever would just come around—when I was told who to get
- Q Who told you who to get?
- A Sam Carr
- Q Who is Sam Carr?
- A My master
- Q Where does Sam live?
- A In Yonkers
- Q Is Sam the father of Wheat Carr?
- A Yes
- Q How long have you known Sam, approximately?
- A Probably—well, as Sam, I'd say just a little over a year, a year and a half.
- Q Is that his actual name—Sam Carr?
- A That's the name he goes by, yes



- Q. Did you have any discussion with Sam that particular day, about finding someone to kill?
- A. I just had my orders.
- Q. Do you want to tell me how you got those orders?
- A. Yes, he told me through his dog, as he usually does. It's not really a dog. It just looks like a dog. It's not. He just gave me an idea where to go. When I got the word, I didn't know who I would go out to kill—but I would know when I saw the right people.
- Q. Did you have a location in mind, David?
- A. Let's just say the area I was in, Bensonhurst, was one of several I rode through . . .
- Q. About what time did you reach the Bensonhurst section?
- A. Two o'clock. No. Yeah. Two o'clock, about two o'clock.
- Q. Where did you park?
- A. On Bay 17th, between Shore Parkway and Cropsey Ave.
- Q. Are you familiar with that neighborhood?
- A. I have been there before.
- Q. On what occasion were you there?
- A. I'd say the past week.
- Q. Prior to going there that night you were there?
- A. Yes.
- Q. What brought you there on that occasion?
- A. I had to go and kill somebody—what can I tell you?
- Q. Do you recall where you parked your car exactly on the block?
- A. Up by a fire hydrant, midway between Cropsey and Shore Parkway.
- Q. Did you realize you parked your car by a hydrant?
- A. Yes. I saw the police give me a summons.
- Q. How did you see that?
- A. I was walking away. I saw a police car coming up Shore Parkway and turn onto Bay 17th, going up that street. I had a feeling they would go by my car. . . . I saw the policeman give me a summons. Then, they went slowly up the block near Cropsey Avenue, and pulled over again. I watched for about ten minutes. They got out of the car. I don't know what they were doing, but I went back to my car. There was a ticket on it.
- Q. What were you wearing that night?
- A. Blue denim jacket, blue dungarees.
- Q. What did you have on under your denim jacket?
- A. A light brown shirt.
- Q. When you went back to your car . . . did you take the ticket off the windshield?
- A. Yes.
- Q. What did you do with it?
- A. I put it inside the car.
- Q. Tell me what you did from there.

- A. I was still walking around the area, went back to the park, sat down for a while
- Q. Where were you sitting—on the bench?
- A. Sitting on a bench
- Q. Did you have a weapon with you at that time?
- A. Yes.
- Q. What weapon?
- A. .44 Bulldog
- Q. Then what did you do, David?
- A. I saw that couple, Stacy Moskowitz and her boyfriend. They were by the swings; they went back to their car. I don't know how much time elapsed, maybe ten minutes or so. I walked up to their car.
- Q. Were there other cars parked, or did other cars come eventually?
- A. Eventually
- Q. You say you saw this Stacy Moskowitz car and then you saw the one up in front of them?
- A. No, the one up front was there before
- Q. Then Stacy Moskowitz came afterwards?
- A. Yes
- Q. Did you see them get out of the car?
- A. No, I was too far down in the park. I saw them walking. I saw a couple by the swings. I didn't know it was them. I saw them go back to the car.
- Q. Then what did you do?
- A. I just—I don't know. I waited for a time. I don't know how much time elapsed. I just went up to the car. I just walked up to it, pulled out the gun and put it—you know—I stood a couple of feet from the window.
- Q. Were the windows open or closed?
- A. Open, and I fired [Berkowitz then described how he "sprayed" the car with bullets.]
- Q. Then what did you do?
- A. I turned around and I ran out of the park through those town houses [the garden apartments where Mrs. Davis and Mary Lyons lived]
- Q. You say you ran through the park. You came out of the park eventually?
- A. Yes.
- Q. Did you go out an exit or hole in the fence?
- A. There was a hole in the fence
- Q. Did you leave anything at the scene?
- A. Oh, yeah, right. The letter. I had it in my pocket. It was a letter addressed to Captain Borrelli.

Quinn had some concern about the Breslin letter, and a few other matters as well:

- Q. Did you write a letter to Mr. Breslin?
- A. Yes, I did
- Q. And you wrote it yourself?
- A. Yes
- Q. Why did you mail it from New Jersey?
- A. I was there at the time, hunting

- Q Did you ever admit to anyone before tonight what you had done in relation to the Bronx cases?
- A No.
- Q To anybody at all?
- A No.
- Q Did you write any other letters besides the two we mentioned?
- A Not addressed to anyone.
- Q Ever mail them?
- A No.
- Q Ever call the police?
- A No.
- Q Ever identify yourself as Son of Sam?
- A No.
- Q Did you have the same hair[style] as you have now?
- A Yes.
- Q You didn't have a wig?
- A No.
- Q Had you followed either one of those two girls earlier in the evening—nine or nine-thirty? [This was a reference to the suspicious yellow car, smaller than Berkowitz's, cruising the area at that time.]
- A No.
- Q Who did you fire at?
- A The two girls.
- Q And where were they seated?
- A They were standing by the porch of one of the girls' homes.
- Q Did you walk up to the location where they were seated?
- A Yes.
- Q Do you recall what you were wearing that night?
- A No.
- Q Do you recall the weather conditions?
- A A bit chilly, clear.
- Q And could you describe what happened when you came up to the two girls?
- A I walked up and I was going to shoot them. I tried to be calm about it and not scare them, but they were frightened of me and started to move away. And I asked them—I didn't know what to say to calm them down—so I said I was looking for an address. I'm looking for a certain address or something like that and at that time I was a few feet from them, and I pulled out the gun and opened fire.
- Q What position were you in when you fired?
- A I was at maybe eight or nine feet from the steps or something.
- Q And did you go into a crouch position at that time?
- A Well, I just picked up the gun—they were like running up the steps. I stood upright.
- Q And how many times did you fire?
- A Five.
- Q And did you use both hands or to hold the gun?
- A Both. I believe

- Q. And when you fired, did you hit anyone?
- A. Yes. Both girls.
- Q. Did you see what happened after you fired?
- A. No, they just fell down.
- Q. When you fired the shots at the two girls, were they face to face with you or were their backs to you?
- A. Face to face.
- Q. And were they standing still or running?
- A. They were running.
- Q. In which direction were they running in relation to you?
- A. Towards the door, but they were on the top and the door wouldn't open. They looked at me, facing me.
- Q. Do you recall what you were wearing that day?
- A. No, I don't.
- Q. Did you have the same hairstyle?
- A. Yes.
- Q. Anything physically different about you on that day?
- A. No.
- Q. And did you see anybody besides the two girls as you were getting out of your car?
- A. Yes.
- Q. Who?
- A. An elderly woman at the porch of her house and I think she was putting on or turning off a porch light.
- Q. Now, did she say anything to you at this time?
- A. No.
- Q. Now, did she look at you?
- A. I believe she did, yes.
- Q. Did you ever have occasion to get out of the car prior to the first time you went to the girls?
- A. Just to urinate or something.
- Q. Did you get out around Hillside Avenue and 262nd [Street]?
- A. No.
- Q. Now, did you use the same gun that you used on the prior occasions, the one in Queens and the Bronx?
- A. Yes.
- Q. Now, did you use the same ammunition that you purchased in Houston?
- A. Yes.
- Q. Where did you park your car?
- A. I parked on a street that runs parallel to the Long Island Rail Road. It's a small winding street. I don't know the name of it.
- Q. And did you get out of your car at that time?
- A. Yes, I did.
- Q. And where did you go?
- A. In the vicinity of Austin Street.
- Q. And can you tell me in your own words what happened?

A. Yes. I was walking in the opposite direction. I saw them walking down [from the restaurant to their car, parked in Station Plaza by the railroad station], we just passed each other, we crisscrossed. We almost touched shoulders.

Q. You passed by them?

A. Yes. They got into their car and I saw Mr. Diel get in and he reached over and opened up the door for Miss Freund and I was standing four or five feet away. And I watched them get in the car, and I guess a minute went by, and I opened fire.

Q. When you approached them, did you approach from the front or the back?

A. Back.

Q. . . . And what were you wearing on that occasion?

A. Heavy winter clothing.

Berkowitz then described how he fired three shots through the passenger's window, aiming only at Christine Freund. He said he used only three bullets, rather than four or five as in most other incidents, because "I only had one person to shoot." Later, Bracken returned to the "shoulder touching" occurrence.

Q. In relation to the car where Diel and Freund were sitting, where did you first see them when you crisscrossed or almost touched shoulders?

A. 71st and Continental [71st and Continental are the same street, with two names. Berkowitz actually meant to say Continental and Station Plaza.]

Q. And they were walking towards their car?

A. Yes.

Q. And you were where at that time?

A. I was coming from walking parallel to the railroad.

Q. I see—so they went diagonal past you. Would that be correct?

A. Yes.

Q. And where was your car parked in relation to the railroad?

A. You have those winding streets. It was in there.

The murder of Virginia Voskerichian took place less than a block from the Freund shooting at approximately 7:30 P.M. on March 8, 1977:

Q. What happened that night when you were in that area?

A. Just walked around all night.

Q. How long were you walking around?

A. Maybe an hour and a half.

Q. And then what happened?

A. I saw Miss Voskerichian, and I had to shoot her. She was coming up—we was walking in opposite directions.

Q. . . . And when you saw her, what did you do?

A. I pulled out the gun from my pocket and fired one shot into her face.

Q. And what did you do after that?

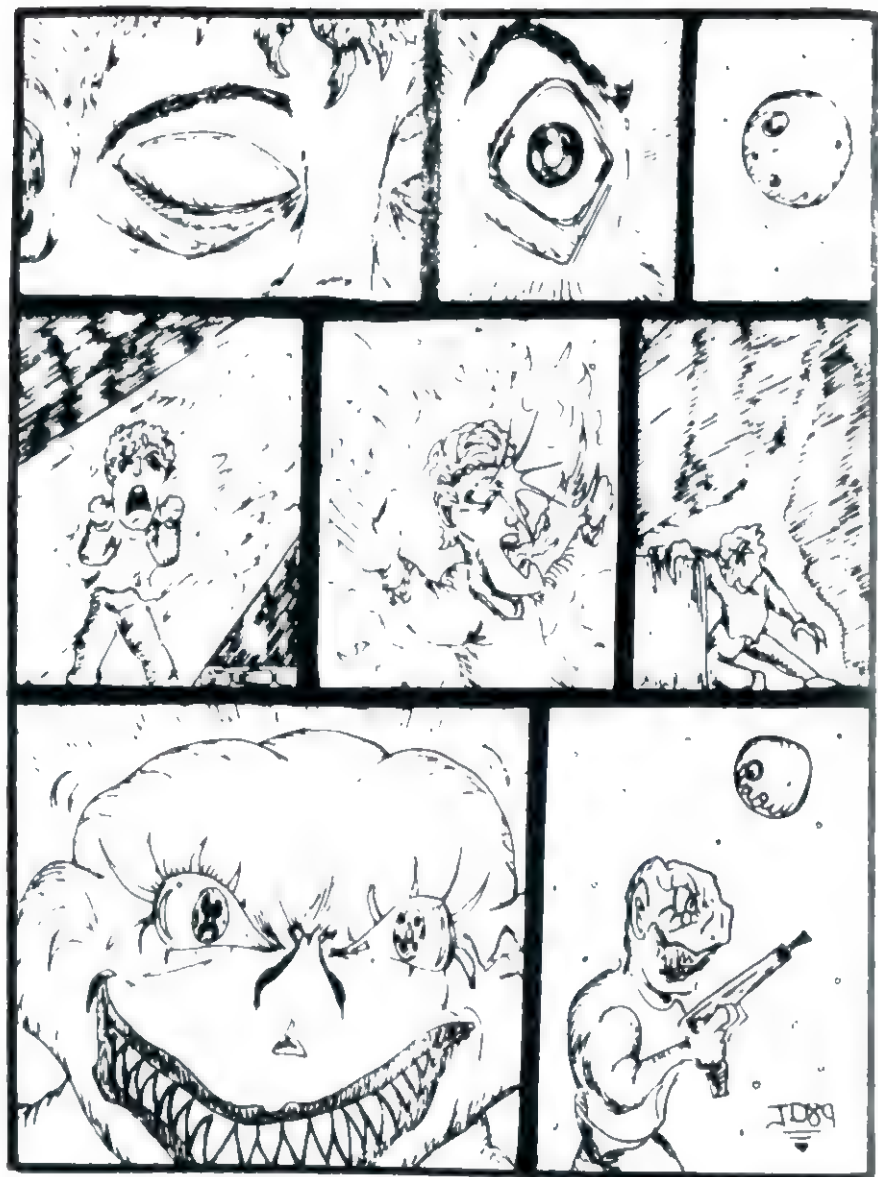
A. I turned around and ran towards my car.

Q. Do you recall what she looked like?

A. Vaguely.

- Q. Could you tell us, please?
- A. She had a long, pretty face. There was a shadow effect, long wavy hair.
- Q. . . . Showing you this map, you see where the tennis courts are at the top. Where were you parked in relation to the tennis courts?
- A. Adjacent to the tennis courts. The same street as the railroad.
- Q. . . . Now after you shot her and to the point that you got to your car, did you see anyone?
- A. Yes, there was an elderly man walking. I ran by him.
- Q. Did you happen to see anyone jogging in the area? [This was a reference to Amy Johnson and her brother.]
- A. No, I did not.
- Q. Did you say anything [to the elderly man]?
- A. I said, "Hi, mister."
- Q. . . . And what were you wearing on that occasion?
- A. I think my ski jacket, dungarees.
- Q. Were you wearing a hat?
- A. A watch cap.
- Q. And what type of a hat was that?
- A. A brown watch cap. [The shooter's cap was also striped.]
- Q. And was that in your duffel bag that was taken by the police today?
- A. Yes.
- Q. Do you remember the type of evening it was—the weather conditions?
- A. Cold.
- Q. . . . Can you describe what she [the victim] was wearing and doing at that time?
- A. She was just walking home from school. She had on a long coat and boots. She was carrying her books.
- Q. How far away from her were you when you fired?
- A. About two feet.





DO NOT PAY

The "Big M" can brand a man, it can spell mercy, misery
or murder. Among those people who have access to the illegally drug are
doctors everywhere they have a ready-made weapon for homicide





MILKING
THE
SICK
FARCE

DIANA '89

Those who do not remember
the past are condemned
to repeat it.

THE CULT THAT DIED



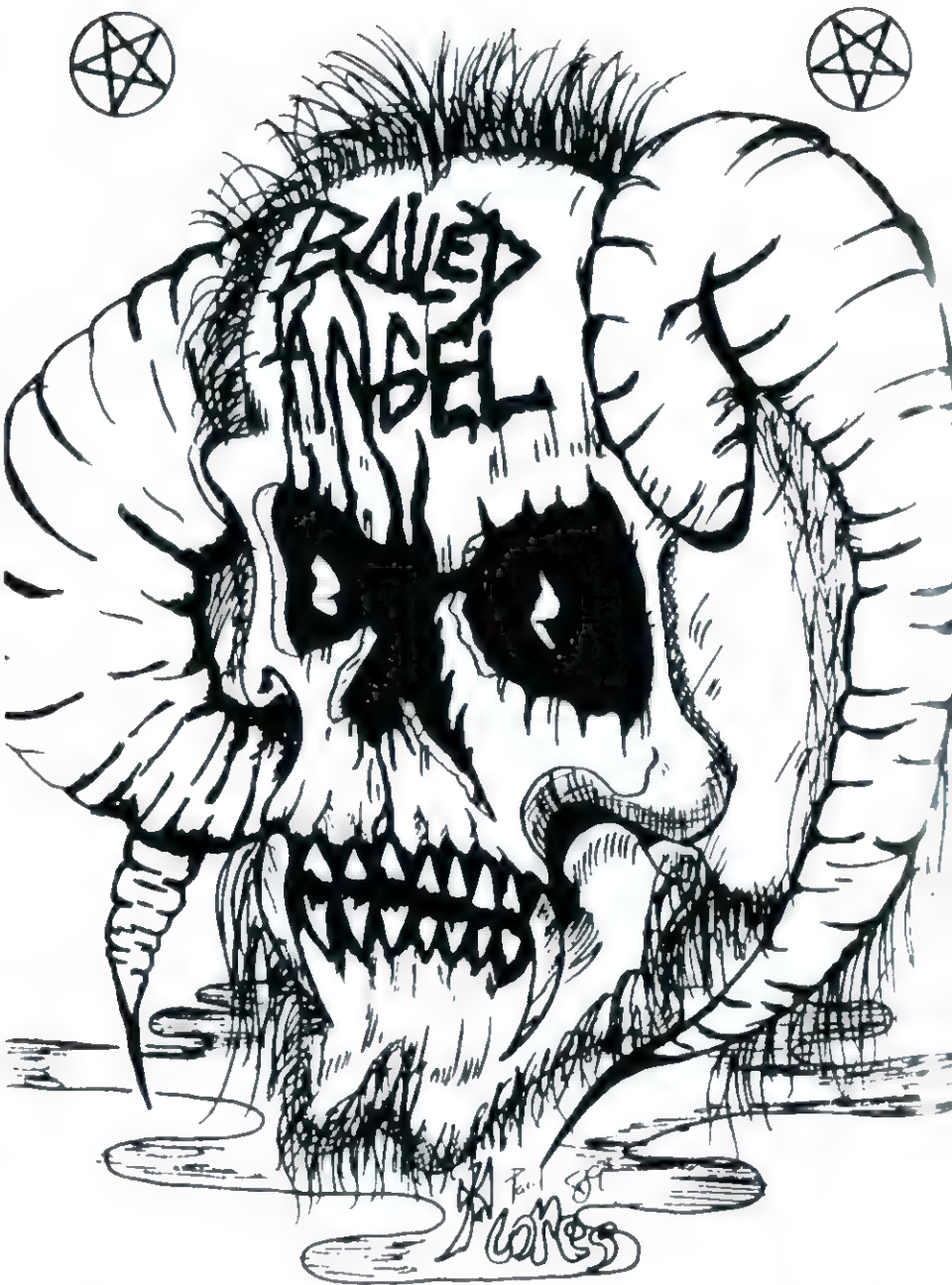
Jim Jones
the Peoples Temple

Turtle 'toons



BY KIT LIVELY







Survived that
Shocking Story, eh?
Well, hope you like
this one. Has to
deal with a man
and his best
friend,

Tweety

In the hot, endless
desert

I
can't
go
on.



The old man
completely blind
from the sun
begins his short
walk to death

where
am I?

Tweet

Oh. Thank god
your still there
Tweety.

hours pass

Tweet

I won't be
alive much longer.
You've been with
me just when
things seemed
endless, Hopeless.

Tweet

I remember.
The day I went
blind, you
landed on my
shoulder and
stayed with me.

The
bird
seems
to
under-
stand



I've
never seen
you Tweety.
but I love
you!

Tweet

Farewell!

Tweet??

Tweet!!



END





Boiled
Angel



A RARE FIND



14 year old
tommy was a
lover as well
as a fighter,
so after he
beat his old-
er sister to
death, he then
severed her
head & began
to kiss it! Later that night tommy fucked
hEr headLess CORPSE, just as SATAN had com-
mandEd him to do!



THE JOY OF TAPEWORMS!

I can remember when I was about eight years old and my father was working as a science teacher at the time. Every day I'd meet my father as he came in the front door, tired from a long day of teaching his students the proper way to slice-up frogs and sheep eyes.

Friday was the special day for me! Every Friday my father would bring me a specimen of some sort, for example, one time he brought me the skull of a Gar fish it had rows and rows of tiny needle like teeth, and there was even a little bit of dried blood still in the cracks of the skull! Another time he brought me a huge glass jar of different fish preserved in formaldehyde!

Then on Monday I'd take this wild shit into my class at school for show-&-tell! While all the other kids were showing off photos of their families or the new baseball glove they just got, I show every one a albino tadpole in a jar of formaldehyde. One time I showed off a stuffed Vampire bat and I even took a afterbirth to school once, my father got it at a hospital for me!

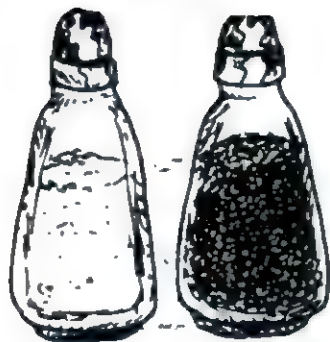
But by far the greatest childhood memories were the tapeworm days!!! My father was doing research on tapeworms, and almost every night he would bring me home a jar of the little intestinal dwellers! They were all dead of course, but it was still great! As time passed my collection kept getting bigger and I began to get more attached to them all the time. I had all the jars lined up on my dresser labeled by the species and shit like that. I would sit and examine them hour after hour. Once I had a dream that me and the girl that lived next-door to us (she was from Denmark and was about my age) were both naked in a bathtub together and tapeworms were being dumped on top of us by the bucket full! It was fuckn great! And then I tried to eat some, I opened one of the jars and cramed a big fistfull into my mouth, my stomach quickly rejected them by fault of the formaldehyde they were soaked with. Eventually we moved and my father made me throw them all out, he was afraid that the jars would spill all over our antique furniture in the moving

truck. But I never have forgotten the memories of those good days. Even now when I get depressed and down I'll pull out one of my books on tapeworms and that will brighten my whole day! And I hope it rains, I like rain and lightning and thunder almost as much as I like tapeworms!

-Mike Diana



ME WHEN I WUZ
SEVEN. NOTICE THAT
I AM SMILEING
BECAUSE I'M THINKING
OF TAPEWORMS!



BLUE PLATE
SPECIAL.
© M.C.D. 1988



tell me, mr. Don,
why are you so
popular with the
ladies?

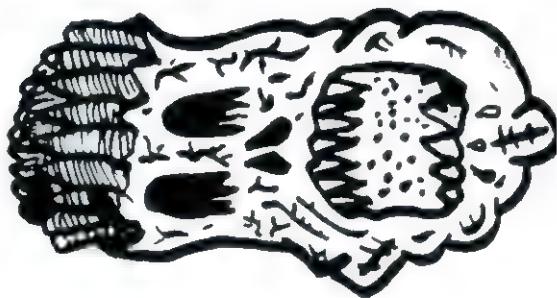
it is, mr. Jones,
because I have
such an abnormal
big male organ.



there you have it, folks! one
American's secret for social
success! let us know what
you feel on this subject.

SOUP TO
NUTS, BABY.
SOUNDS LIKE
HONKY SHIT
TO ME.





kill, fuck, & eat!

HALLOWEEN HORROR

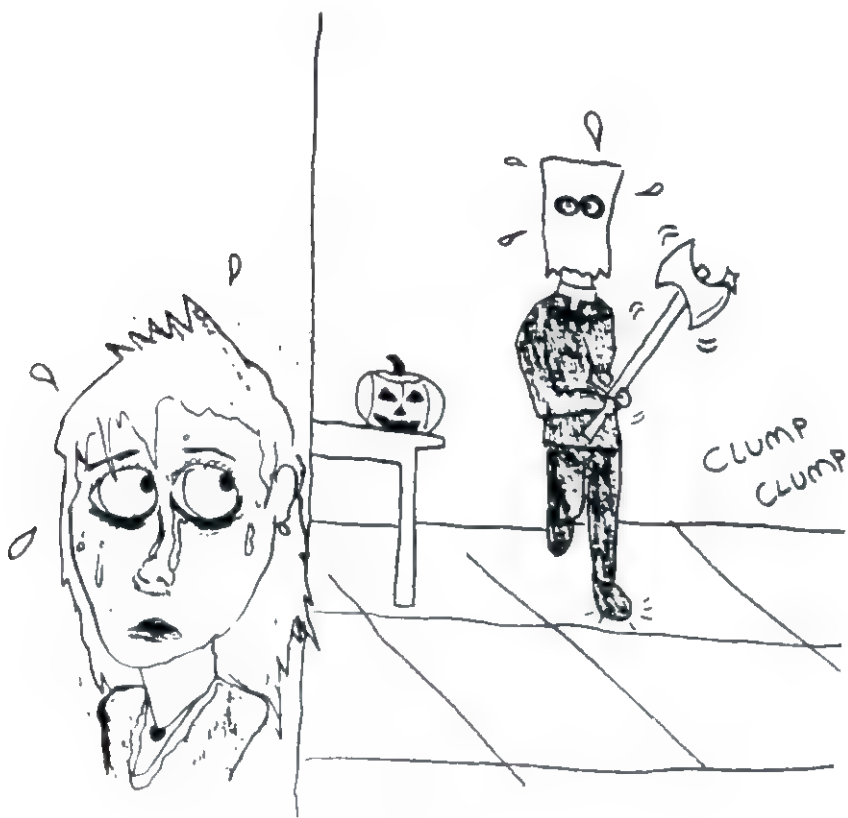
Sneak Preview

THIS TIME IT'S: HALLOWEENIE PART 6: The Night He Came.

Storyline: 27 years ago, schoolboy Nathan Glover asked every female in his home town to the annual Halloween Disco Party and Fish Fry. He was turned down by each and every one of them, but decided to go anyway. Once there, however, he becomes a target for ridicule and scorn, and is ultimately forced to make love with a jack-o-lantern. Now, in the present, Nathan has returned for his revenge....

by Kit Lively

We begin in a scene close to the end of the film, as a young teenage lass cowers from the psychopathic Nathan....



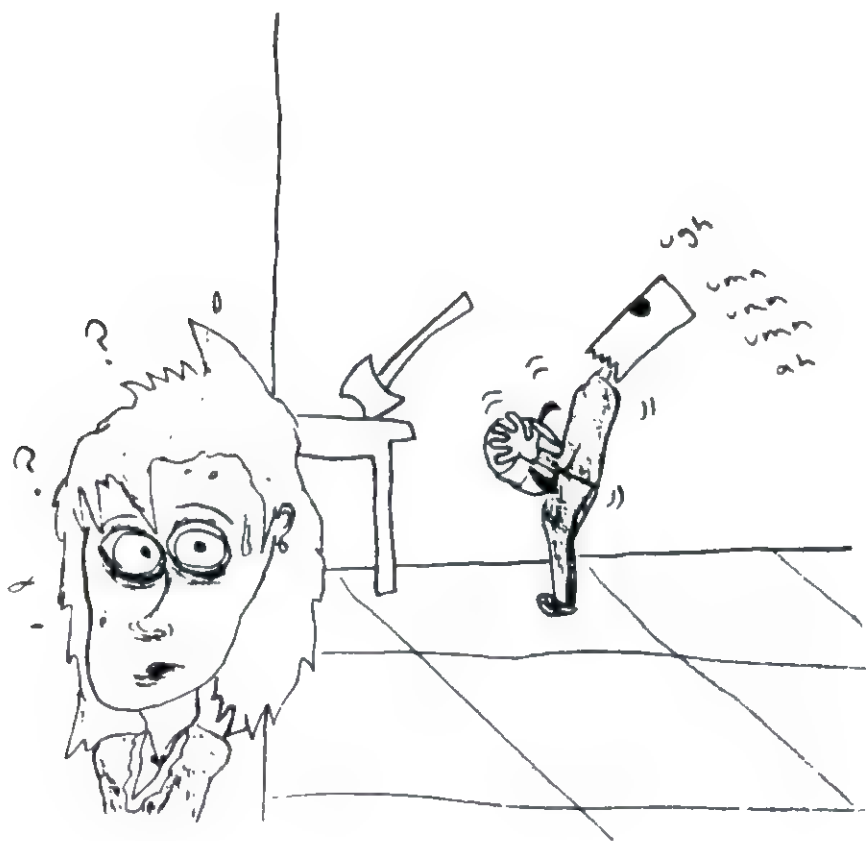
audience reaction:
"run!" *get out of there!"
"move your ass, you stupid cunt!"

audience reaction :

suspensefull, tension filled silence.
Is she cornered? Doomed?



audience reaction: hollars of dismay, disgust,
and terror. Will there be a Halloweenie
Part 7: The night he cleaned pumpkin
guts off his dick?



The philosophical discussion ended on the highest-rated daytime talk show in history, in which a skinhead sympathizer by the name of Wyatt Kaldenberg took advantage of the free-for-all to inadvertently bust Geraldo Rivera's nose when he threw a chair.

Pasting-up the new issue of the *WAR* newspaper at Metzger headquarters is the beefy, Pendleton-clad Kaldenberg. A former hireling of the Tom Hayden-Jane Fonda organization, Kaldenberg has taken his leftist chops and mixed them with his abhorrence of nonwhite races. Today he serves as bodyguard, ideologue and man Friday for WAR. He describes the manipulations that escalated into the televised riot. "After we flew into Jew York, we were taken straight to the fucking green room and had to sit there from early morning until about three in the afternoon, with a bunch of cops guarding us. They wouldn't even let us send out for beer. All through the commercial breaks, Geraldo was insulting us, flipping us birds, calling us motherfuckers, scum, cockroaches, assholes, getting all the jerks to yell at us from the audience."

Adds John Metzger, "The whole thing degenerated rather quickly. Geraldo got away with flicking me in the ear. We really got tired of Geraldo's insults, and Roy Innis was calling me a bum, a clown and a self-destructer. The rabbi there referred to some incident in World War II—why, in 1988, bring up something like that? I said to myself, *If they want to play this way, fine, I'll laugh them all off.* I said I was sick and tired of hearing sob stories from kikes and Uncle Toms."

Kaldenberg interrupts, "He [Innis] voted for Bush and Quayle. Can you imagine a nigger voting for George Bush and Dan Quayle?"

Young Metzger continues, "After I called Innis an Uncle Tom, he sort of stood up and hesitated, but Geraldo egged him on. 'Go on, Roy,' he said. Like a true Uncle Tom, he looked at Geraldo for permission. Then he came over, stood over us. He pushed me down in my chair, and then I stood up, and he started choking me. I kneed him in the groin, and that's

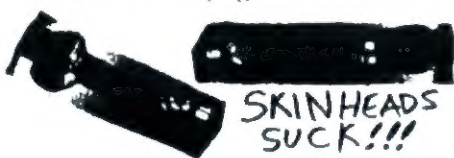
what got him off of me."

"The reason we jumped the stage," says Kaldenberg, a paid audience member flown to the show by the Geraldo staff, "was because the undercover cops were behind, holding John's shoulders while Innis was choking him. That's when I picked up the chair and threw it at Innis. It hit John on the shoulder, then hit off Innis's head, and then it may of hit Geraldo, I don't know. I ran over to help John, tripped over a bunch of cords, saw Geraldo coming, took a swing at him and missed. Then Geraldo jumped on me and was holding me, and I started to beat his fucking ribs. He never hit me once, though he tried a few times. He's supposed to be a Golden Gloves, but the guy can't even fucking fight. We go off camera to the side where all the niggers are, and all these guys are grabbing me, and all Geraldo can do is scratch me like a horny bitch. I punched the fuck out of him there. I broke his nose by hitting him. I felt it go *crunk!* Got blood all over my knuckles. All his security guards were on me, then he got up and fucking ran

I chased him into the audience area. Then the guy who was holding John down said he was going to fucking shoot me.

"The cops asked Innis and Geraldo if they wanted to press charges," rants the emphatic Kaldenberg. "And what they ask us for is our IDs. They were going to throw John in jail for getting choked. Getting neck prints on Innis's hand or something. They say they want to expose us, but the largest single contribution White Aryan Resistance ever got was from the Geraldo show. They dropped a hunk of money to get us on in the first place. They advanced our movement, and we got \$50 million of free publicity off that show."

"When we do these kinds of shows," adds Tom Metzger, "we get hundreds, if not thousands, of letters over a period of a few weeks. Ninety-nine percent of those letters are positive or agree to a large share of what we're saying."



fucking ribs

SKINNED ALIVE

"Seems like on... yesterday that she was playing 'Ridey Horsey' on my knee..."

**SECRET GOVERNMENT
Waste**

MADE
IN
USA

Fine



FLOWER OF DEATH



